

A SEA DREAM.

[Atlantic for August.]

We saw the sea-ridges glow and come,
The curling surf-lines lightly drawn,
The gray surf-furled with tender bloom
Beneath the froth-blown rose of dawn.

We saw in richer splendor lost
The somber pomp of shadowy noons;
And signal specks of light that crossed
The weird, low light of sea-borne moons.

On stormy eves from cliff and head
We saw the white spray tossed and spumed;
While, over all, in solid red,
Its face of fire the light-house turned.

The rail-car brought its daily crowds;
Like curious, half-indifferent men,
We saw them as they came and went,
Like passing sails of floating clouds.

But, one calm morning, as we lay
And watched the mirage-lifted wall
Of coast, across the dreamy bay,
And heard afar the curlew call.

And nearer voices, wild or tame,
Of airy flock of children through the air,
Up from the water-edge there came
Faint snatches of familiar song.

Carless we heard the singer's choice
Of old and common airs; at last
The tender pathos of his voice
In one low chanson held us fast.

A song that mingled joy and pain,
And memories old and sadly sweet;
While tuning to its minor strain,
The waves in lapsing cadence sweet.

The waves are glad in breeze and sun,
The rocks are fringed with foam;
I walk once more a haunted shore,
A stranger, yet no stranger to the sound.

A land of dreams I roam!
Is this the wind, the soft sea-sound,
That stirred thy locks of brown?
Are these the rocks whose mosses knew
The trail of thy light gown?

Where boy and girl sat down?
I see the gray rock's broken wall,
The boats that rock below;
And, out at sea, the passing sails
We saw so long ago.

Revered in the morning's glow,
The freshness of the early time
When breezes are blown;
As glad the sea, as blue the sky—
The change, the change is gone!

The saddest is my own!
A stranger now, a world-worn man
Is he who bears my name;
But thou, methinks, whose mortal life
Immortal youth became.

Art overgrown the same,
Thou art not here, thou art not there,
The place I loved is lost;
I only know that where thou art
The blessed angels be.

And heaven is glad for thee.
Forgive me if the evil years
Have left on me their stain;
Wash out, O soul so beautiful,
The many stains of mine
In tears of love divine!

Oh turn to me that dearest face
Of all thy sea-born town,
The sea-breeze hushed thy lips,
Thy loose hair rippling down
In waves of golden brown!

Look forth once more through space and time,
And let thy sweet shade fall
In tender grace of soul and form
On memory's fragrant wall,
In shadow, and yet all!

Draw near, more near, forever dear!
Where'er I roam or roam;
Or in the crowded city streets
Or by the blown sea-foam,
The thought of thee is home!

At breakfast hour the singer read
The city news and the world's news;
Like one who felt the pulse of trade,
Beneath his finger fall and rise.

His look, his air, his curt speech told
The man of action, not of books,
To whom the corners made in gold
And stocks were more than sea-side nooks.

Of life beneath the confessor
The city news and the world's news;
Like one who felt the pulse of trade,
Beneath his finger fall and rise.

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insects. I like it much better than Paris green. If white hellebore will do the business for the bugs, it is a grand discovery, for there is no danger in its use as is the case with Paris green.

OVEN SWALLOW.—The Brookston Reporter of White county says: By actual count, it was ascertained that there are 337 swallows' nests on J. P. Carr's barn, each one of which contains six birds—two old and four young ones—making, in the aggregate, 2,022 swallows. When it is considered they destroy thousands of bugs, worms, flies, etc., their presence about a farm is of great value. These birds are "death" on green-heads, which they eat in immense numbers. Mr. Carr does not allow any one to kill or interfere with these feathered inhabitants of his barn; on the contrary he encourages their reproduction, knowing that they are a valuable adjunct in the work of protecting his stock from the ravages of flies, while they also, no doubt, rid fruit trees of many insects.

AN EXHORTATION.—Moore's Rural says a wise word to the young women: Girls do not always know their power. It is far greater than they think; and were they true and brave enough to exert it, they might almost, in a generation, revolutionize society about them. Exert your power for good upon the young men who are privileged to enjoy your society. Gentle and good, be also brave and true. Try to exhibit the ideal of a woman—a pure and good woman—whose life is mighty as well as beautiful in its maidenly dignity and attractive loveliness. Do not let it even seem that dress and frivolity constitute your only thoughts; but let the elevation of your character and the usefulness of your life lift up the man that walks by your side.

LIVER AND BACON.—Perhaps of all the dishes that are cooked in private families there are none more spoilt than this, which is no doubt the cause of its not being so great a favorite as it ought to be. To two pounds of liver have one pound of bacon. Cut the bacon into slices a quarter of an inch thick; fry them gently; then have the liver, already cut in slices, about half an inch thick, upon which has been sprinkled for one hour before cooking some chopped parsley and a small onion chopped fine, a very little nutmeg, pepper, and salt. When the fat is quite hot, put in the liver, turn it over often, and cook as quickly as possible, by which the liver will be light and very digestible. It should be served as quickly as possible. When the liver is done, pour some flour and water into the frying pan until it forms a thick gravy, and strain it over the liver and serve. The great point is the quickness with which the liver is cooked. To **PURIFY CHICKEN WATER.** The agitation and consequent aeration of the water in a cistern by the use of a pump to dip the water tends to preserve it sweet. Water that contains any organic matter will undergo a process of fermentation and clearing when the suspended matter is thrown down to the bottom. While this process is going on it is offensive and unfit for use, but after it becomes sweet. This only occurs, however, when it is kept in close vessels or cisterns. Agitation and aeration prevents this. It may also be prevented by passing the water through a filter of charcoal, which will absorb the matter kept out of the cistern. Possibly it may be remedied by suspending a basket full of charcoal in the water.

OLD TURKEY COCKS.—The Poultry World believes in "fancy" stock, even at fancy prices. It says the turkey does not attain its maturity until the third year, and the largest, strongest chicks can be secured only from mature parents. So common is the practice of selling off everything at a year old or two that it is almost impossible to get stock two and three years old. In purchasing breeders, it is the best economy to buy the heaviest birds, even at fancy prices. A ten-months' cock, weighing 30 pounds, is cheaper at \$50 than a 20 pound bird at \$5. Young hens weighing 15 pounds are cheaper at \$30 than 12 pound birds at \$5. Large, well formed birds of perfect plumage will leave their mark upon their progeny. They will not only be more comely to look at, but they will bring much more satisfactory prices, whether we send them to the butcher or to the breeder. The breeder who does not select the best stock, taking premium birds when he can them, and selling nothing from his yards but prime birds, will be likely to make the most money.

CHEAP AND HARMLESS DRINKS.—A writer in the New York Tribune adds to the list of receipts for acceptable beverages which are at the same time free from all objection: A wholesome drink which can be cheaply furnished and that will take the place of an occasional visit to the bar-room will, I think, be a benefit to the laboring man, and may by being common and good prevent temptation to something stronger. It is apparent that it is the taste of champagne and wine wanted rather than the intoxication, and there are a number of drinks that cost but little which will do well in a warm day and when the laborer is tired. Among them those made from malt, sugar and hops are the strongest, but not necessarily the strongest to taste. I will give a few simple directions. A washing tub or barrel holding from ten to twenty five gallons, and a kettle or boiler in which to heat water is necessary, beside the keg, cask, or bottles to hold the beer. The use of malt means pale ale, to be obtained at about \$1.50 to \$1.75 per bushel of any grain dealer in New York or other city. The following are some recipes:

1. Ground malt one-half bushel, hops six ounces, water twenty gallons; boil one hour, strain, and add one-half gallon molasses. When nearly cool add one-half pint yeast, and when nearly cool add one-half pint yeast. Menaces bung it down or bottle. This may be used in smaller proportionate quantities.

2. One-quarter pound hops, one-half gallon molasses; boil one hour in ten gallons water, strain, and when nearly cool add one-half pint yeast. This may vary in quantity to suit. If more molasses is used it will strengthen when fermented.

3. Fill a boiler with the shells of green peas and cover with water, boil slowly for three hours, strain, and add the liquor of boiled hops to make it bitter to suit the taste, and when nearly cool add yeast. Molasses will add to its strength.

4. Gather spruce boughs, birch twigs, birch bark, wintergreen, sweet root, in fact almost any wholesome root or herb, boil, strain, and add molasses and yeast.

5. Hops eight ounces, molasses two gallons, water 30 gallons, boil one hour, strain, and when nearly cool add one-half pint yeast. Smaller proportionate quantities of each article may be used with less or more molasses.

6. Water ten gallons, molasses one gallon, essence spruce four ounces, render milk then add one-half pint yeast.

7. Same as No. 6 excepting essence of ginger.

8. Same as No. 6 excepting four ounces essence lemon. One ounce cream tartar may be added to either No. 6, 7 or 8 with advantage, and a couple of sliced lemons to either No. 6 or 7.

THE BOY MURDERER.

A JUVENILE FIEND.

THE INQUEST ON THE BODY OF KATIE CURRAN—THE TESTIMONY OF THE PARENTS—YOUNG POMEROY'S CONFESSION—WHY THE BOY COMMITTED THE MURDER—AN INTERESTING PSYCHOLOGICAL QUESTION.

The Boston Globe of the 21st inst. gives the following detailed account of the facts connected with the late discovery in that city of the crimes of Jesse Pomeroy: The intense excitement which the discovery of the body of the Curran girl created in this city had in no wise abated yesterday afternoon, and at 4 o'clock, the time appointed for the coroner's inquest, a large crowd, anxious to hear any new facts that might be brought to light in relation to the murder, assembled in front of Station VI. The inquest was held in the guard-room, and the jury assembled promptly at 4 o'clock, according to the summons of Dr. Ingalls. As was stated, yesterday, the inquest was public, and the public attention was attracted by the public anything that the witnesses might say, and the members of the press and all persons interested in the case were freely admitted. Mr. and Mrs. Curran were first called, and were sworn, the former on the Bible, as he is a Roman Catholic, and the latter in the usual manner by raising her right hand. Mrs. Curran looked haggard and worn; her face and general appearance giving indications of the terrible anxiety and mental suffering she has endured during the past four months. She was attired in a gray or steel-colored dress, with a border of black, a black sash, a dark straw hat, her head and face being covered with a thick black veil. The story told by her was substantially what has been reported to have been said by her previous to the discovery of the remains, and was a connected and clear account, stating the time when the little girl was missed, and the measures that were taken to discover her whereabouts. The story, briefly told, is as follows:

On the 18th of March last, Katie went out about five minutes after 8 to purchase a school card; when she went out she said, "Mother, won't you have Celia Abby (her sister) ready to go to school when I get back to be late?" asked her where she was going, and she said she would go to Tobin's; if she didn't get it there she would go to Gill's.

I NEVER SAW HER AFTER THAT: she was nearly always in the house, never out of my sight, except when she was at school, or at some place of which I had knowledge; a girl named Lee told me that she saw Katie, that morning; I recognized the scarf and the black and green plaid dress, also the sash that was shown me; it was old-fashioned; do not think there was another like it in South Boston; an almost certain child did not know Pomeroy; she was a bright, smart girl, but very innocent; a German boy named Kohr, who was in the habit of selling papers or carrying papers for Pomeroy, stated that he knew something of this matter, and I went to see him at his house to find out what he knew, as from the first I suspected that he had some knowledge of the matter; the appearance of Katie; this boy told me that Jesse Pomeroy opened the store and cleaned it out; that shortly after 8 o'clock, a young lady named Lizzie Chapman, who worked with Mrs. Pomeroy, came and took Jesse's place, and later in the morning, Mrs. Pomeroy returned and told me she saw Katie in the person of the morning of her disappearance, and that she wanted to purchase a card; he then described her to me very accurately. Pomeroy said he would give her a card for three cents, as there was an ink spot on her card; he then asked if she would take it; he said that he had done so, and she said that he had not; some time afterward Mr. Adams told me that there was a trap door in the shop; but on my still urging him to aid me, he said he was confident he would bring Katie back to me safe; I again went to Mr. Adams, and he said he had made a thorough search of the premises, and he saw the girl; he said he still maintained that the latter was a liar; I thought that Miss Chapman must have known something of this matter, and I went to Mrs. Pomeroy's store to see her, and a young lady there said she had left, and Mrs. Pomeroy told me she had gone into the country.

Mr. Curran here said in a very decided manner, "Sheriff, has the store been searched by the officers? we have only been told that it was." Mrs. Curran then said that her child had been missing but a few hours when Capt. Dyer had

LAUGHED AT HER FEARS, and she thought that if the officers had been more earnest in the search, the body, at least, would have been found while it was yet in a fair state of preservation, and this would have been some consolation to her. Mr. Curran was then called, but he had nothing more to say, and signed his name to the statement made and signed by his wife. One of the first things that occurred to me when I spoke of the murder of the Mellen boy, the disappearance of Katie Curran and the directions against Jesse Pomeroy. He regarded Detective Adams as one of his best and most trustworthy men, and he had been given the case of the Curran case. He himself had ordered a thorough, systematic search to be made. He then proceeded as follows:

Adams told me that he had searched the cellar of Pomeroy's house and was certain that there was nothing there; saw Mrs. Curran after this; ordered the Curran case, in and asked me for some papers; told her there were some down stairs; she went down; I looked the door of the shop and went down after her; she stood facing Broadway; I threw my left arm

round her neck, stopped her mouth with my left hand, and cut her throat with my jack-knife; I then drew the body over to the water-closet and placed it behind the wainscot with the head and feet away from me; I then threw stones and ashes on her; got the ashes from a box in the cellar; I sent a boy to the store of Hoyt & Lawrence some time before the murder, and he brought the knife for me for 25 cents; the knife was taken from me when I was arrested in April; when I was in the cellar I heard my brother at the outside door of the store trying to get in; I washed my hands and the bloody knife at the water pipe and then let my brother into the shop; he was going towards Mitchell's store, I suppose, to get into the store that way; I do not know why I did it; I couldn't help doing it; the people girls that worked for mother came about 8:30 or 9 o'clock, and mother came later; brother Charles and I took turns in opening the store; mother and brother knew nothing of this.

He then said that he had told one person of the affair, but Chief Savage did not give the name, as he probably had it in reason to keep it secret at this time. Pomeroy, on being asked by the chief whether or not he had told his minister, said that no minister had been to see him. Chief Savage then told Pomeroy to tell his story to the Rev. Mr. Cook and to his counsel, and him. The confession was made frankly, and Pomeroy's face was free from any indications being held out to him. Coroner Ingalls then dismissed the jury until to-morrow afternoon, at 4 o'clock. The crowd outside the station continued to increase during the holding of the inquest, and when it was known that Pomeroy had confessed the crime, the crowd was very much excited, and rushed about, spreading the news rapidly, commenting on the terrible story and discussing the probable fate of the author of the horrible deed. Ever since young Pomeroy was first arrested, and the story told about his torturing of the children in Chelsea and South Boston, people have been curious to know why it was that he did such things, or what prompted him to such

ACTS OF CRUELTY AND INHUMANITY. All sorts of explanations have been given by people who were more or less conversant with the habits of the boy, but nothing that was in the least satisfactory or in any way bordering upon the scientific has ever been given to the public. As a fact intimately connected with what follows, we will state that when the boy Jesse was first brought before Judge Forsyth, one of his victims went in to court his story as to how Jesse had whipped him and picked him on the body and arms with his knife. Judge Forsyth turned to Jesse and asked him, "Jesse, did you do as the little boy says?"

"Yes, sir," answered Jesse.

"Why did you do so?" asked the Judge.

"I don't know, your Honor, only I could not help it. I had to do it."

He had to do it, and why? Here is at least a partial explanation of why he had to be thus cruel, or could not help torturing children:

Directly after this investigation, a party of three well known physicians, who were anxious to learn all that they could about the boy, called upon his mother and had a very pleasant and cordial interview with her. They told her their grand, and she kindly gave them all the information in her power. Among other things, she said that her husband was a brewer, and that during the day of her pregnancy she used to go to the cellar of the house to witness the killing of the animals, and that somehow she took particular delight in seeing her husband butcher the sheep, the calves and the cattle, and not unfrequently she assisted him in this bloody work. She also said that after Jesse was born, and she could do enough to have a knife in his hands, he was all the time, when an opportunity offered, jabbing a knife into pieces of meat, and when still older and about his father's market, he did the same thing. These facts certainly explain in a measure why Jesse could not help doing these things, as he told the court. He was simply marked by his mother, as other children have been, only in a different way.

HORRIBLE DOUBLE MURDER.

TWO OLD PEOPLE BUTCHERED FOR THEIR MONEY.

The Mishawaka Enterprise gives the particulars of the last exploit of the fiendish robbers in the north part of the state: One of the most horrible, sickening and dastardly murders of which history furnishes any record, was perpetrated in the northwest corner of this county on Wednesday night, the 15th inst., the particulars of which we give below. The fearful deed was committed upon the farm of Peter Swank, about three miles from the town of Swank, and a half mile north of New Carlisle. The victims were Thomas and Marie Chanski, two honest, quiet, hard working Poles, who occupied a lonely little log cabin in an isolated swamp—just the place for such a dark and bloody scene as was there enacted—no neighbors near to hear their cries for help, to see the burning cabin, or stay the horrid deed. Peter Swank, on the morning of the 16th inst., about 5 o'clock, discovering smoke rising in the direction of the cabin, went over, finding the bodies in the ruins, went immediately to a witness, a Pole, who lived a short distance off—and the two wisely decided to disturb nothing until the coroner arrived. Accordingly our venerable coroner was telegraphed for, and he, in company with Mr. Lynde Greene and Frank Howard, started from here immediately for the scene of the crime, where they arrived about noon. A jury was impaneled and an inquest held, at which the following facts were elicited: The bodies were discovered partially consumed, and were drawn out for examination. Investigation seemed to show that the man had been murdered in his bed by blows from the head with a hammer, or some other instrument. The wife had attempted to escape but was followed out and overtaken near the potato patch, where she was struck with a hammer and felled to the ground, her head making an indentation in the earth. She was then struck several more terrible blows on the head, scattering the blood and brains all around the patch, after which the body was taken by the feet and dragged into the cabin, placed in the center of the floor with the face of the husband, and the cabin set on fire, with the evident intention, upon the part of the murderers, to hide their crime.

PROOFS OF THE MURDER.

As is most always the case in such affairs, there were still plenty of clues left to show that the bodies had come to the death by accidental fire. The lower part of the bodies were badly burned, but the bodies and heads were so left that the marks of the blows were plainly distinguishable, and in addition to this the cap worn by Mrs. Swank was found in the potato patch, covered with hair, brains and blood, showing the blows of the hammer. The hammer with which the deed was done was found in the ruins, the handle burned out, but the iron still showing the traces of blood, and the face which just fitted the wounds in the skulls and the marks on the neck. It was proven in the testimony that the parties did not own a hammer of their own, consequently it must have been brought by the murderers. An axe belonging to the premises was missing and could not be found. It is thought by some that the man was murdered in his sleep with the axe. When the deed was first discovered, the bloody cap was found on the spot where the murdered woman lay, but upon the arrival of the coroner it was found away out in the patch where it seems as if it had been thrown after day-

light, but by whom was not known. A number of witnesses were examined, all testifying to the goodness and honesty of the two victims, but no light could be thrown upon the perpetrators, although there are strong suspicions. There is a terrible excitement about the matter throughout the county, and we hope that strong efforts will be made to detect the murderers. Mr. and Mrs. Chanski were steady, honest, hard working Poles, living alone, as stated above, their only child being drowned two weeks since. Mr. C. was known to have about six hundred dollars, which he foolishly carried about his person, and which was, of course, the incentive of this most dastardly crime.

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